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THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

Little Folks

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MAY
1923



S.E. CASSINO CO.

SALEM-MASS



Beginnings of Beauty

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SOMETHING FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

PLAYING HOUSE

By Angelo Patri

Author of "A Schoolmaster in a Great City"; Principal Public School 45, The Bronx

THE two little girls were playing under the shade of the big tree that covered the backyard. Their tongues were very busy as they chattered about the game. Their hands and feet flew in seeming industry, but their mother, who had been watching them, could see little progress in the game. It seemed largely a matter of conversation and gesture.

"I'll be the mother and you must be the father."

"You were that last time. It's my turn to be mother."

"Well, you can't sweep as well I can, so I'm the mother. Now, you must say, 'What do you want from the store today?' and I'll say, 'Let me see, George. I don't think of a thing unless you find some sweet young vegetables on your way home.'"

"No, don't let's play that. I must say, 'Why, Mary, supper not ready?' and you must say, 'No, George. No supper at all. I have such a headache I can't lift a finger. And then I'll say, 'Now, isn't that too bad. Sit right there in your chair and I'll make some nice batter cake for tea.' And then I'll beat up some nice mud pies and set them to baking."

"No. Fathers don't make batter cake."

"Yes, they do, if the mother has a headache."

"Our father never made batter cake. You just want to make the mud pies. You are the father, and you want to do the mother's work. I'll make the batter cakes."

"Then let's make believe I'm your maid and I can help you."

"All right, Jane. I'll call you Jane and you must say, 'Yes, ma'am.'"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Take the broom and sweep the house while I make some nice batter cakes for the breakfast. When you finish sweeping, you can dust."

"No. I must make the batter cakes. What are maids for if they don't—"

"That's not the way to play. You must say—"

"No. I don't want to be the sweeping maid. I want to be the cook."

"All right. We'll both cook. You be the cook and I'll show you how to do it."

"Where is the flour, ma'ma?"

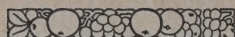
"Well use white dust off the road for flour. But we haven't marked off the house yet. How can we keep house without having a place marked off?"

So they swept the yard vigorously, all the time saying, "Now, you must say," and when they were called for luncheon there was nothing to show for the morning's play but a very clean space in the back yard. It had been swept callous.

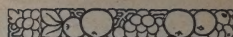
"I wonder if they oughtn't to DO something," said the distressed mother. "Seems so silly to just talk and run around."

They were doing plenty. As long as they talk and run about happy, the best thing to do for them is to let them alone. Perhaps the housekeeping would have progressed further if they had had some more suggestive material like blocks, or a playhouse or kitchen utensils. Still, they might not have cared for them. It is better to wait until they ask for help before giving it. Let them talk it out first.

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MAY-BASKETS

By Kate Louise Brown

I will braid a pretty basket
Of pink, or white and blue,
All lined with palest yellow,
My little friend, for you;
I will hang it on the door-knob,
Then scamper swift away,
And you, of course, will chase me
For 'tis the first of May.

Oh, what shall fill my basket?
The very sweetest flowers
That grow beneath the pine boughs,
Nursed by the April showers--
The rosy flushed arbutus;
And then, to prove my love,
I'll tuck beneath the posies
A pretty sugar dove.

I know you will be waiting,
And you can surely tell
The moment of my coming--
I'll gently ring the bell;
And you, of course, will chase me,
We wouldn't miss the play--
You know we always do it
On every First of May!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE SUSIE ANN SAW?

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXVI

MAY, 1923

No. 7



THERE WAS A BRIGHT, SHINY PENNY

SUSIE ANN AND THE POP-CORN BALL

By Elizabeth Abbott

IT was a very windy day. Susie Ann stood at the sitting-room window and watched. She watched the rattly dry leaves go whirly, swirly high, high into the air. She watched the bare branches on the trees in the front yard toss and creak and bend. She watched an old sheet of a funny paper

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come slipping, sliding around the corner of the gate and come zip, up the path and stop right at the foot of the steps. And then, what do you suppose Susie Ann saw? Right by the paper was something little and round, and shiny and looking just like a penny.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Susie Ann. "It must be a penny—it must be a penny for me!"

And she ran right out of the sitting-room into the front hall, and right out of the front door and down the front steps. And there, [lying right on the walk, was a bright, shiny nickel!

"Oh goody, goody!" cried Susie Ann, clapping her hands. "A nickel for me!"

And she picked it up.

Just then she heard someone calling, and there was mother, standing at the door.

"Why Susie Ann," said mother, "where are you going?"

"Oh, mother, see what I've found," exclaimed Susie Ann.

"Well, well!" said mother, "where could you have found a bright, shiny penny?"

"Right here, mother," said Susie Ann. "Here on the walk!

Oh mother, may I go and spend it?"

"What would you buy?" asked mother with little think-lines in her forehead.

"Well," said Susie Ann, screwing up her mouth and looking at the rattly leaves. "maybe a pop-corn ball. Yes, a pop-corn ball at Mrs. Hogan's little, cunning store."

"Just the thing!" said mother, "Come put on your hat and coat and you may go now."

In just a minute, Susie Ann was all ready, buttoned into her



THE WIND BLEW VERY, VERY HARD



"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE GIRL!" SAID SUSIE ANN

little brown coat, with the nickel clutched tightly in her right hand. And then she kissed mother good bye and started out, down the street alone.

"Be careful Susie Ann," called mother.

The wind blew very, very hard. It blew Susie Ann's skirts all out in front of her, and Susie Ann felt as if the wind were going to blow her right down the street. It blew, oh, so fast. And then it stopped. Susie Ann drew a long breath of relief, and smoothed down her skirts, and pushed her hat back on her head, for it had gone all over one eye.

"My, that was a strong wind!" said Susie Ann.

"A bad, naughty wind!" said a little crying voice by her side.

Susie Ann looked around quickly, and there sitting on the ground was a little girl, crying and crying, oh, so hard! And the tears were all rolling down her cheeks.

"Why, what's the matter little girl?" said Susie Ann.

"Look!" sobbed the little girl. "The wind blew and blew, and broke my dollie all up!"

And Susie Ann looked, and there beside the little girl was a doll with her head broken into little pieces and her hands all chipped off. Susie Ann felt so sorry.

"Don't cry, little girl," she said. "Perhaps—maybe—your mother will buy you a new one.

"No," said the little girl, crying harder than ever, "she said I'd never, never have another dolly 'sides this one. Oh, dear!"

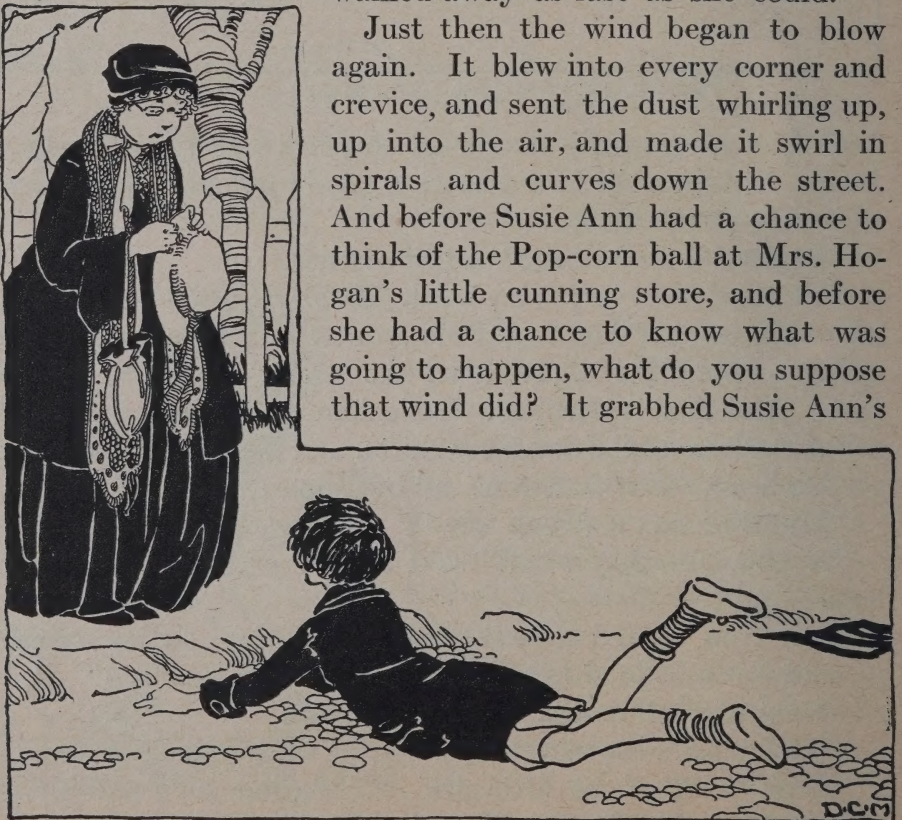
Then Susie Ann remembered her nickel. She might give it to the little girl. But no—she did want a pop-corn ball. But—

"Here, little girl," said Susie Ann, holding out her hand. "Maybe you can save it up for another doll."

"Oh," said the little girl, taking that bright shiny nickel joyfully, "maybe I can get a paper doll with it!"

"Yes," said Susie Ann. And then she turned around and walked away as fast as she could.

Just then the wind began to blow again. It blew into every corner and crevice, and sent the dust whirling up, up into the air, and made it swirl in spirals and curves down the street. And before Susie Ann had a chance to think of the Pop-corn ball at Mrs. Hogan's little cunning store, and before she had a chance to know what was going to happen, what do you suppose that wind did? It grabbed Susie Ann's



SHE FELL DOWN---OH, SO HARD!



THE BIGGEST, FATTEST, MOLASSIEST POPCORN BALL

hat right off her head, and whisked it away, along with the leaves and the dust.

“Oh! oh!” cried Susie Ann, and away she ran after her hat.

The hat went hopping and skipping down the street as if it were alive. Then it blew up to a post, and stayed there. But just as Susie Ann came running up, away went the hat, jump, bump, across the street.

“Oh dear! oh dear!” gasped Susie Ann.

“Well, well,” said a kind voice, and there on the other side of

the street was a fat, old lady holding Susie Ann’s hat.

“Oh, thank you!” said Susie Ann running across the street. But—oh dear me!—she didn’t look where she was going and whack, she fell down and bumped her head, oh, so hard!

“There, there!” said the old lady, picking up Susie Ann from sprawling on her stomach. “There’s a brave girl. You just come with me, and we’ll see what we can find.”

The old lady brushed off Susie Ann’s dress, and wiped her eyes and her nose, and put on the runaway hat. And Susie Ann and the old lady went into—what do you think?—a little store! Mrs. Hogan’s little, cunning store!

“Now,” said the old lady, “what do you think you would like?”

“May I have anything?” cried Susie Ann, jumping and

jumping, just anything I want in Mrs. Higgins' little store?"

"Well, yes," said the old lady, smiling.

"A pop corn ball," she said. "I want a pop corn ball awfully."

And Mrs. Hogan let Susie Ann pick out the biggest, fattest, molassiest pop corn ball she could find.

"Thank you very, very much," said Susie Ann.

"You are very welcome," said the old lady. And now perhaps you'd better run home to mother."



THE BALLAD OF THE CANDY KING

By Dorothy Moore

Here is Konsolum, the Candy King,
And his queen with the Caramel Crown.

They live on the Fanciful Island of Sweets
In their castle in Sugar Town.

And the only way to the Island of Sweets
Is through the Channel of Cream,
You shut your eyes and you open your mouth
And you sail in the Boat of the Dream.

Yes! Shut your eyes, and open your mouth,
And board the Boat of the Dream,
And you'll know you're nearing the Island of Sweets,
If you wake in the Channel of Cream.

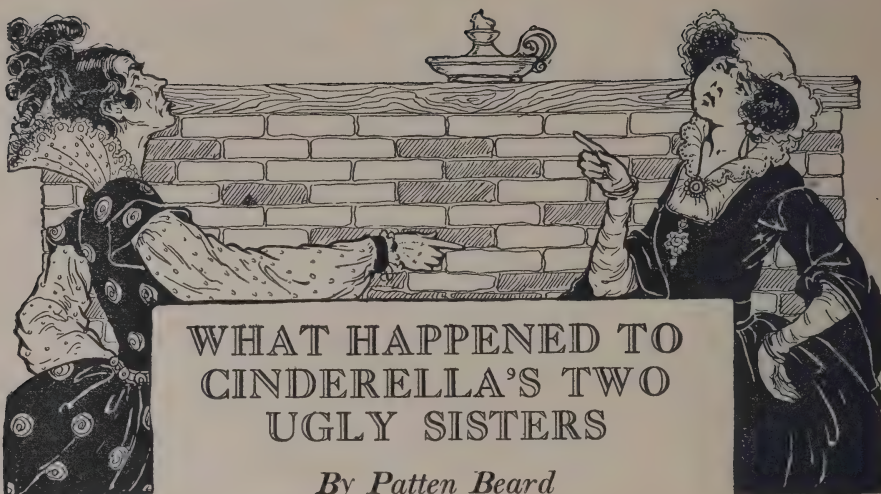
And every day when the Boat comes in,
The King and the Queen rush down
To the very end of Cocoanut Pier
And they summon you into the town,

The Queen wears a chocolate gown,
And the King has a peppermint cane ;
And they'll hustle you off to their castle,
Along the Lollypop Lane.

So you shut your mouth and open your eyes
And leave the Boat of the Dream,
For you will land at the Island of Sweets
When you wake in the Channel of Cream,

And you'll go with Konsolum, the Candy King,
And the queen with the Caramel Crown,
And you'll enter in at their castle gate
In the kingdom of Sugar Town.

(But first you must pass down Lollypop Lane—
And next time you shall learn what is to be
encountered there.)



WHAT HAPPENED TO CINDERELLA'S TWO UGLY SISTERS

By Patten Beard

YOU remember, of course that, "Once-upon-a-Time," the Prince fitted Cinderella's glass slipper upon her foot and rode away with her to his castle, and that the two ugly sisters were left in the kitchen at home and there was nobody but themselves to do the work!

The elder sister looked at the younger sister and her chin went up in the air. "Sister," said she, "you are younger than I am and now that Cinderella has gone, I command you to do the work. I certainly shall not do it."

"The very idea!" snorted the younger sister, "You *are* older than I am, but good times belong by rights to the youngest and I shall go to all the balls at the Palace while you stay home and scrub!"

"I won't," declared the elder.

"Neither will I," screamed the younger. And they kept up the discussion till their mother had so much of it that she opened the front door and ran off as fast as her feet could carry her. Of course, *she* could not be expected to do the work, nor could she stand the quarrel!

But at last the elder sister put her thumbs to her ears and went off upstairs. The younger sister with *her* thumbs to *her* ears went into the garden. They both sulked till sundown when they began to be hungry.

Then the elder sister ran down the back-stairs and into the pantry. "I won't get supper," she growled to herself. "I will eat all there is and let my sister go hungry if she will not work. So she opened the pantry door and looked to see what was on the shelf. There was some cake, and some meat, and a pie, and some pickles, and some jam, and some cold pudding, and some apples, and some bread and butter, and a cold onion and a boiled potato. The elder sister stood upon a stool by the pantry shelf and did not bother to set any table. She ate and she ate till there was only the cold potato and the boiled onion left. Then she went upstairs to bed.

By this time, in came the younger sister and *she* went to the kitchen and sniffed about to see if any supper were cooking in a pot. The fire was out. The hearth was full of ashes. There was only cold water in the kettle and there was nothing to eat.

So the younger sister decided to look upon the pantry shelf. She saw that the doors were open and crumbs were on the floor and when she peeped upon the shelf there was only the cold potato and the boiled onion lying side by side!

"Well," she sniffed, "I am not going to work! I won't get any supper! I would rather go to bed supperless and hungry than work." So she took the cold potato and grumblyingly ate it and then she tried to eat the boiled onion and she could not. So she put it back upon the shelf and she, too, went off to bed.

Now, because the elder sister had had such a hearty meal, she slept soundly. The younger sister, being hungry and miserably ill, she was awake early in the morning, long before light, and she was very hungry.

"I will work for one else," she re-together a few fag-blaze and bake me a have to clean the



RAN AS FAST AS HER FEET
COULD CARRY HER

elder sister had had she slept soundly. being hungry and fully and ill. She the morning, long was very hungry. myself, not for no solved. "I can scrape gots and a small cake. My sister will pan."



SHE ATE AND ATE

"So she jumped out of bed and went down to the cold kitchen. "I won't do the work! I won't do the work, I won't do the work!" she said to herself.

And truth to say, she could not do the work. She did not even know how to light a fire. The whole kitchen was filled with smoke while the younger sister fumed and fretted. While she was angrily scolding the sticks that would not burn, there came a knock at the door.

"Go 'way," screamed the younger sister.

But the knock came again.

"Be gone!" the younger sister yelled. "Be gone, I say."

But the knock came again.

The younger sister, at last went to the door and flung it open. "Be gone!" she cried. "Why do you come here where you are not wanted?"

The old woman at the door stood still and said nothing.

"Go and be gone," commanded the younger sister. "Unless you can serve me, I do not need you. Can you build a fire and cook a breakfast?"

The old woman looked at the younger sister hard.

"I did not come here to be your servant," she replied. "But, if you will, I can tell you how to go to work."

"I know as much as you do," snorted the younger sister. "Make the fire burn for me, if you will."

"I will stay and make the fire burn if you do as I bid."

"I will do nobody's bidding," retorted the younger sister. "I won't."

"Then go without breakfast and fire," replied the old woman. "If you have a fire, you must go gather fresh dry fuel in the forest and you must rub the sticks together to make a spark and kneel before the fire and tend it till it burns bright. Then you must get you the flour and mix the cake in a pan and watch it to see that it rises and does not burn."

"I won't," replied the younger sister. But she really longed for something to eat.

"I will never work! I want to go



"I DID NOT COME TO BE YOUR SERVANT"

to balls all my life. I, too, could have worn the glass slipper if it had not squeezed me."

The old woman tapped the floor with her stick. "I suppose you never knew that work was what made Cinderella so beautiful," she said. "Never a selfish thought did she have!"

"She did very well to make the fire burn and she made the food taste well," answered the younger sister, "but my sister and I wonder that the Prince did not choose one of *us*?" And so saying, she gave the fire a dig and sent the cinders a-flying.

"I can give you a charm that will make you very, very beautiful," suggested the old woman. "Go look in the glass and see what you look like now."

The younger sister looked in the glass. For the first time she noticed the lines of selfishness and laziness, for the old woman had made a charm with her cane.

"I will do what you say," agreed the younger sister.

So the old woman sat down in a chair in the kitchen and told her how to lay the fire, a stick at a time. When the younger sister sputtered or pouted, the old woman made her go look in the glass and she saw exactly how ugly she was.



SHE SAW THE LINES OF SELFISHNESS

She made the fire and cooked the breakfast, and neatly laid places for her sister and herself. By the time all was done, the younger sister was proud of her work and she did not need to be urged on.

"My elder sister could not do this so well," she smiled. "This is what *I* can do!"

"Tut, tut!" said the old woman. "Do not boast. Go look in the glass!"

Yes, the younger sister

was really much improved. She hardly knew herself. "If cheerfulness and doing one's duty accomplish all this, I will work with good will," she declared. And she thanked the old woman and went to call her sister to breakfast.

The elder sister could scarce believe her ears when the younger sister called her. She came downstairs. There was the neat kitchen, the fire on the hearth, and there



IMMEDIATELY SHE WAS DRESSED IN A GOWN OF SILK

was the younger sister smiling as though she were at a party.

"Has Cinderella come back?" asked the older sister. "You look like her."

"Oh, no," said the younger. "It is only I, your younger sister, who am learning to be like her."

"Then I will try it, also," the elder declared. "I will be even more beautiful than you when I go to the ball." But because of her envy, she did not grow lovely.

While the younger sister was up-stairs came a knock at the door.

The elder sister went to the door, for she hoped it might be the little old woman with the charm.

And it was. "You must think of doing the work faithfully and well," she said, "not of outstripping your sister. Look in the glass!"

So the elder sister tried hard and she looked in the glass. Gradually, she, too, grew more lovely. She began to wonder how she could ever have been so mean to Cinderella and when the younger sister came singing downstairs she said, "Sister, let us go to Cinderella and ask her for-

giveness. Will you
 "I will go gladly
 said the younger sis-
 no time!"

"Tut, tut," spoke
 "You must not go in
 And she waved her
 was a wand and not
 see!

The fairy god-
 younger sister and,
 was dressed in a

silk and the shoes
 a shiny glass exactly like Cinderella's own. She touched
 the elder sister with her wand, and she, too, was dressed in a
 robe of velvet with slippers like those of Cinderella.

She bid the one fetch a pumpkin and the other a mouse-
 trap and when she had waved her wand, there stood a golden
 coach and five white horses with coachman and footman!

So the three drove off in state to the palace and begged to
 be forgiven.



SHE FETCHED A PUMPKIN
 AND A MOUSE-TRAP

go with me?"
 and I am sorry, too,"
 ter. "We must lose

the little old woman.
 kitchen clothes!"
 wand—for it really
 a walking-stick, you

mother touched the
 immediately, she
 beautiful dress of
 that she wore were

THE COQUETTE

By Celia May Kennedy

If I could be a buttercup,
 With airy grace,
 I'd let my yellow gleam light up,
 Your laughing face,

And if you put me 'neath your chin
 As people do,
 To see if you liked butter much,
 I'd tickle you!



A LULLABY



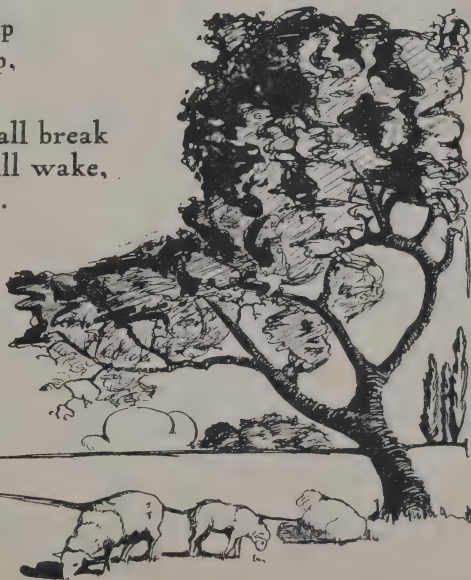
Little folk all are gone to rest,
Birdies wee in their downy nest;
Clouldlets in the golden west.
Hush-a-bye, baby bye!

Birdies all day long did fly;
All day clouldlets ran the sky;
Now in slumber sweet they lie.
Hush-a-bye, baby bye!

All day long upon the wold
Lambkins played—now in the fold
Are they sheltered from the cold.
Hush-a-bye, baby bye!

Little fish within the deep
Safely lie and sweetly sleep
Till the day begins to peep,
Hush-a-bye, baby bye!



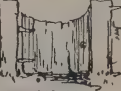








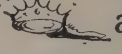



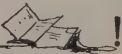










When the morning light shall break
Birds and lambs and fish will wake,
All for darling baby's sake.
Hush-a-bye, baby bye!

















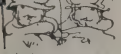














Queen Bee's Crown .

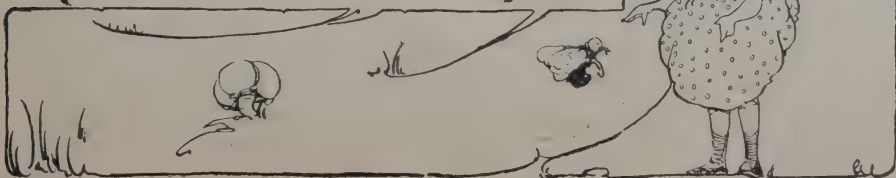
VI



NEXT," said Trixie to Bobby , "let us go and see if Queen Bee dropped her  out in the road." So away they went, but just as they reached the , they heard somebody singing. "Tra-la!" and there was little Gypsy Columbine in her striped  and her bare , dancing and playing on her . "O Columbine," said , "Queen Bee has lost her ! Have you seen it anywhere?" "Not I" said , "but Queen Rose and all the little Princess  wear . Maybe somebody picked up Queen Bee's  and took it to the  by mistake." "But how shall we find out?" cried . "Nobody can go in the  without an !" "Mrs. Buzz the  can go anywhere," said Columbine. "She will look for Queen Bee's  for us." So away they went and found Mrs. Buzz, the , with her sweeping  on and her  and her  and her  and her , cleaning . "O Mrs. Buzz," will you look in Queen Rose's  and see if

Queen Bee's  is there?" "Yes, my dear," said , popping out of her  and , and away they all went to the . There were two tall  outside the  and two tall  inside the , but little Princess Ruby  was just coming home from school with her  and when she went in the , z-z-z, in went  right behind her. And  was so excited that in she went right behind ! But Columbine had never been in a  before. She was afraid of the tall  and the big rooms. Up she jumped on the  sill. "I'm frightened! I'm frightened!" she cried. "Save me!" Then  ran and held up her  and caught her and away ran little  to dance and play on her . But out of the  flew Mrs. Buzz. "They were chasing me with ,

" they cried. "But I have looked from attic to cellar and Queen Bee's  is not there." "O thank you, dear Mrs. Buzz!" cried  and  and away home went  to finish cleaning her .



HOW THE FOREST FOLK HAD A CIRCUS

By Daisy D. Plympton

CHAPTER II



VER near the village in the big white tent, the Circus was already beginning. The band was blaring out stirring music, while the parade marched around the ring. The eyes of all the people were fixed on the elephants, and the camels, the spotted giraffes with their long necks, the wonderful ladies, in glittering clothing; riding prancing horses, and the gilded cages that held the monkeys, and the tigers, and the old lion.

No one looked up overhead, near the top of the tent, where two birds and a little Elf peered through a flap in the canvas.

The performance began with a clown that came tumbling into the ring, and sang a song. He had hardly finished when three men in purple ran in and, climbing ladders to two high trapezes, swung off lightly into the air.

From one swing to another, just at the right moment, they flew, as though they had wings. They caught by one hand, or they hung by their feet; they stood up on the bar and balanced while they were swinging. The people held their breath while they looked---but not one of them saw, way overhead, that a little green Elf, while watching closely, had made a loop of a loose end of cord, and was doing some of the same things himself.

In the middle of the Forest, the birds and the animals were gathering at Great Oak. No one knew much about a circus, but all agreed that, if it was something very good, they ought to have one of their own.

The three little Bears were quite ready to stand on their heads, if that was what was wanted of them; and, though the Forest Folk had no horses to run around very fast, as Chippie

had heard they did in a real circus, there were many of them that could get over the ground with great swiftness, and perhaps that would do as well. Everyone said he would do what he could, and they chatted happily together while the minutes went by, and the sun began to sink toward the tree-tops.

The last light was still shining on the top of the Great Oak when Mr. Robin, who was watching from the highest bough, sang out:

"Cheer up, they're coming! They're here!"

Down out of the sky and through the trees flew Mr. Crow, with Bluejay close behind.

"We saw it!" shouted the Elf down to them from his seat on the Crow's back.

"Great! great!" cried Mr. Bluejay.

With a last flap of his black wings Mr. Crow alighted on a low branch of the Oak Tree, and let his rider slide off to a seat beside him, while all the birds and animals gathered near.

"Yes," he said, "a Circus is indeed a fine thing to see. All Chippie Squirrel heard about it was true, and there was a great deal more. We watched it all carefully, and talked it over, and we believe, if everyone will help, we can have something like it of our own, right here."

"Hooray! hooray!" shouted the birds and animals, each in his own voice, while wings fluttered, and tails and ears waved, and the youngest bear got up and sat down again in his eagerness to hear more.

Then Mr. Crow began at the beginning and told them everything he could remember, helped on by Bluejay and the Elf. As the listeners heard of one act after another, some among them would call out: "I can do that,"--- or, "Chippie Squirrel's



NO ONE LOOKED UP OVERHEAD NEAR THE TOP OF THE TENT

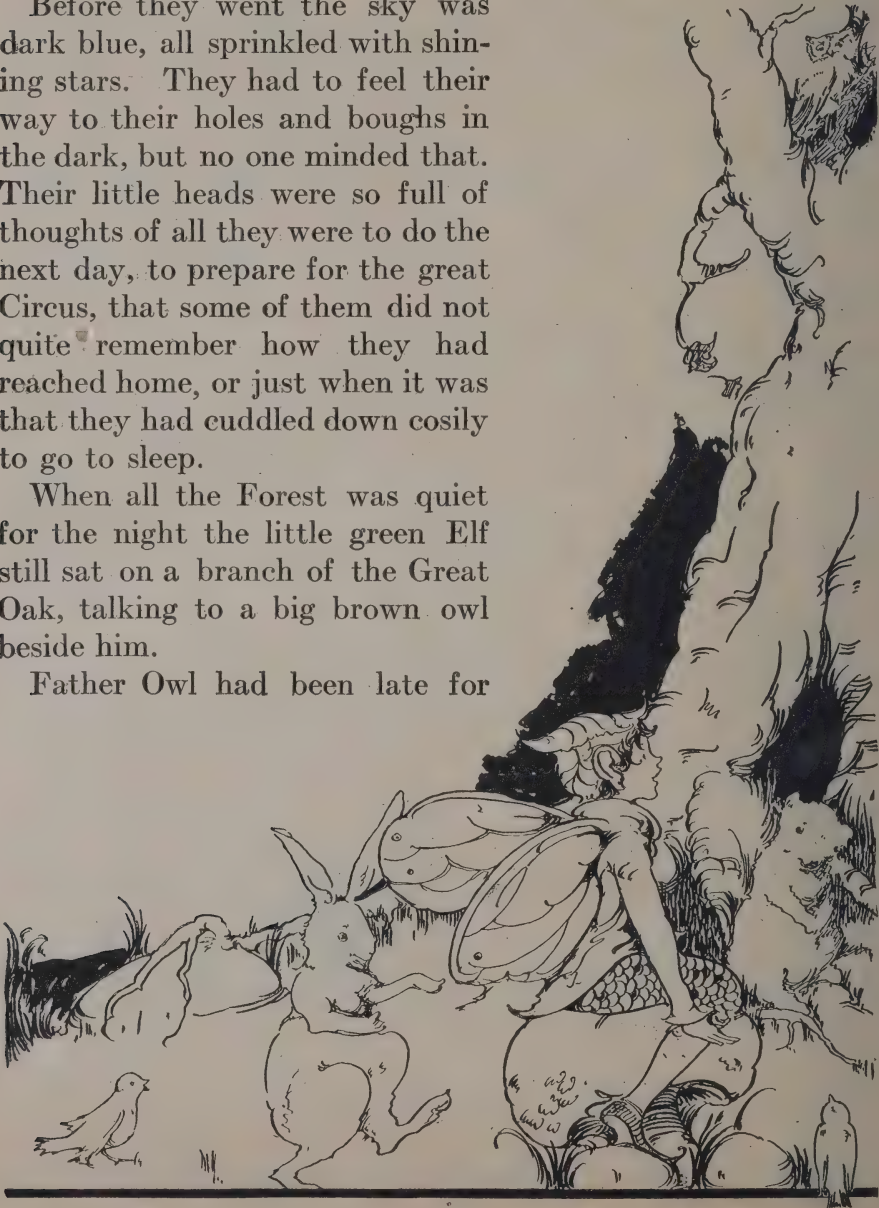
a good climber and jumper,” or “Bunny Rabbit can run fast.”

The sun went down and the sky turned pink behind the trees of the Forest, but they all forgot bedtime in their interest in the new plan.

Before they went the sky was dark blue, all sprinkled with shining stars. They had to feel their way to their holes and boughs in the dark, but no one minded that. Their little heads were so full of thoughts of all they were to do the next day, to prepare for the great Circus, that some of them did not quite remember how they had reached home, or just when it was that they had cuddled down cosily to go to sleep.

When all the Forest was quiet for the night the little green Elf still sat on a branch of the Great Oak, talking to a big brown owl beside him.

Father Owl had been late for

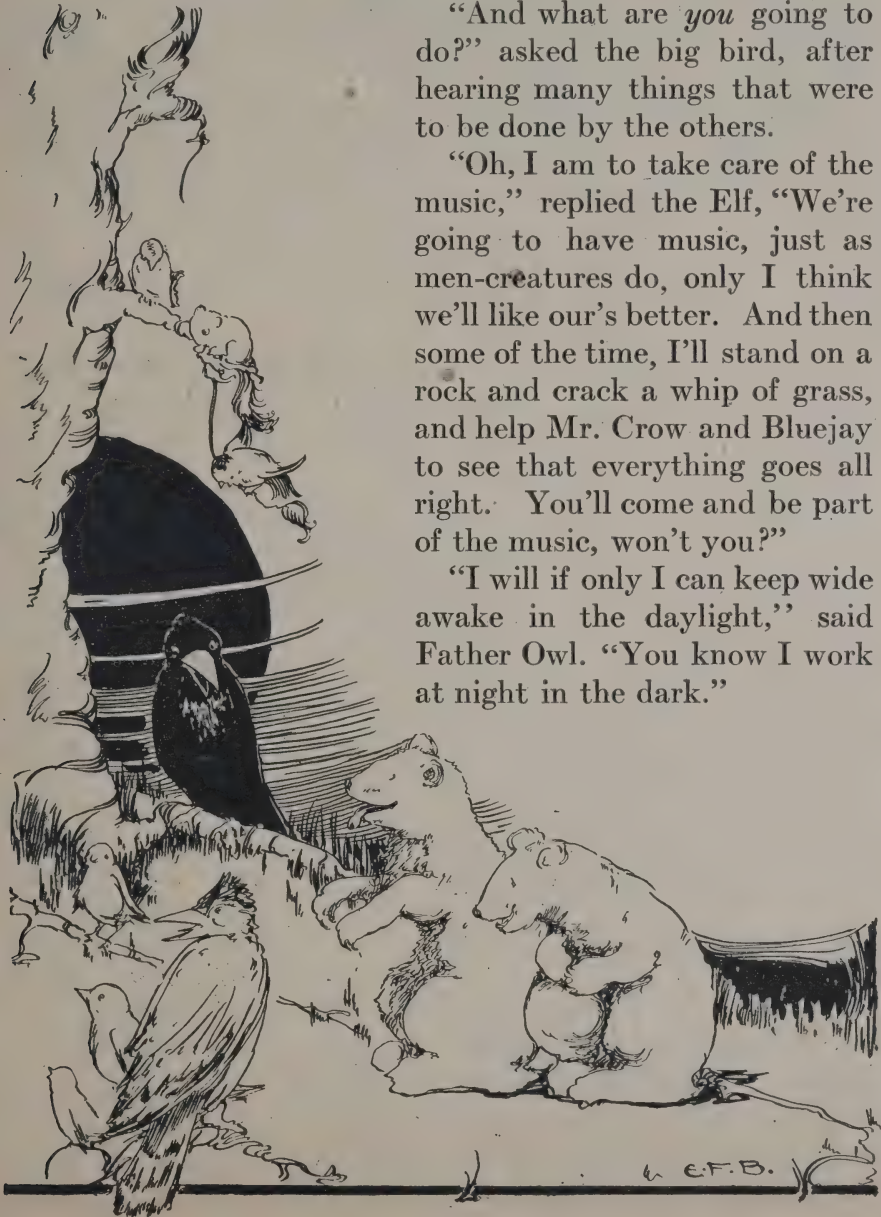


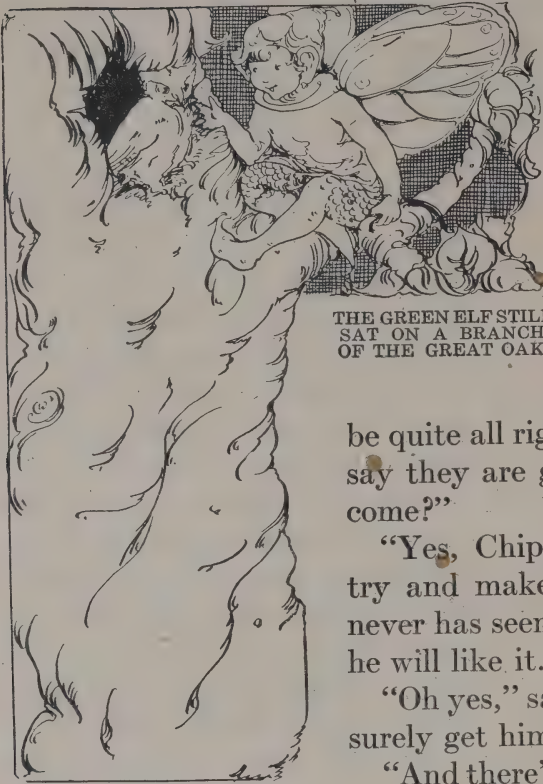
the meeting. He had been so sound-asleep in his hollow tree that he had not heard when he was called, and did not awake till dusk. He had come in time for the last part of the talk, and wanted to know more, so the Elf was telling him all about it.

"And what are *you* going to do?" asked the big bird, after hearing many things that were to be done by the others.

"Oh, I am to take care of the music," replied the Elf, "We're going to have music, just as men-creatures do, only I think we'll like our's better. And then some of the time, I'll stand on a rock and crack a whip of grass, and help Mr. Crow and Bluejay to see that everything goes all right. You'll come and be part of the music, won't you?"

"I will if only I can keep wide awake in the daylight," said Father Owl. "You know I work at night in the dark."





THE GREEN ELF STILL
SAT ON A BRANCH
OF THE GREAT OAK

"Couldn't you take some naps the night before?" asked the Elf, "and we'll have it late in the afternoon, you know."

"That will help," he said, "and then if someone will nudge me just when I am wanted I dare say I'll be quite all right. Didn't I hear them say they are going to ask Bobbin to come?"

"Yes, Chippie Squirrel is going to try and make him understand. He never has seen a Circus, and we know he will like it."

"Oh yes," said Father Owl, we must surely get him here."

"And there's the little girl creature," went on the Elf, "that has come to live over farther on the edge of the woods near Mr. Goat's rock. We want her, too. She comes into the Forest for berries, and she moves so gently, watching for the birds and animals that we're sure she wants to be friends with us."

"Good!" said Father Owl. "Yes, I've seen her at sundown going for the cow in the clearing. Mrs. Cow gives a very good report of her, but says she's lonely."

"And Bobbin's lonely, too," said the Elf, "and, because there's no path through the woods, neither of them knows the other is there. I've wanted to find a way to bring them together, and I think this is just the right time."



"I CLIMBED DOWN A ROPE"



THE ELF CLIMBED UP INTO AN EMPTY BIRD'S NEST

"Everyone liked *that* plan, didn't he?" asked Father Owl.

"Yes, indeed," said the Elf, "all were pleased at the thought of it. And Chippie Squirrel said it would make the Circus quite complete. The only important thing we couldn't plan for was the Strange Animals from Far Off Lands to come to see what was going on, and Chippie said she thought these two would take the place of them very well, indeed."

"But you said some of the Strange Animals came riding in those queer things---cages did you call them?---You won't," said Father Owl, "try to have anything like that, will you? I hardly think they'd like it, not being used to it."

"Oh no," answered the Elf, "we haven't any cages. They can pretend to be just the kind of Strange Animals that can walk there."

Father Owl sat gravely thinking for a moment.

"I can not understand," he said at last, "why those other Animals ever wanted to travel in cage-things, no matter how far they had come."

"I wondered about that myself," replied the Elf. "Before we came away from the Circus, I climbed down a rope near the cage of the big Animal they called a lion to see if I could find out anything about it. He was walking up and down, looking very proud. The people from the village were crowding to get near and staring hard, and I am sure he did not like

it at all. 'Oho!' I said to myself, 'if it wasn't for his cage they'd come right up around him, and that would probably spoil all his pleasure in the Circus. *That* must be why he has it.' Just then he opened his great mouth and roared a very loud roar. I heard Mr. Crow calling me to come, that they were ready to fly, and I was glad to climb up the rope to the hole and go away. I don't believe he would have liked me to ask questions. He did not seem to be a friendly lion, at all."

"Ah," said Father Owl, "the ways in Far Off Lands are probably quite different from our ways---and then he hasn't lived in the Happy Forest, you know. But it is late--- I must be going. I'll see you about the music tomorrow at sundown," and the big brown owl spread his broad wings and sailed noiselessly away among the trees.

The Elf climbed up into an empty bird's nest, and, drawing some dry leaves over him for a quilt curled up for the night. He could hear Father Owl's voice far off, calling, "Hoo! hoo! hoo-hoo!" A star shone through the leaves overhead and twinkled at him out of the dark, and a gentle wind swayed the bough and the nest and softly rocked him to sleep.

(To be continued)

DAY AND NIGHT

God watches over me by day,
He cares for me all through my play,
He helps me do things that are right,
He sends the Sunshine's pleasant light,

When evening comes and prayers are said
And I am snugly tucked in bed
I never fear the dark you see,
For all night too God watches me.

Herbert Logan Clevenger



CONSTANCE AND THE TWINS

By Winifred Stowitz Paddock

CHAPTER VII.—THE LITTLE HOUSE

"FATHER dear," said Constance, "a man came this morning and brought a lot of boards. What are you going to build?"

"Build!" said Father, and he looked at Mother and laughed. Constance and the twins knew in a minute that they had a secret.

Luncheon was over and mother excused the twins. They ran to Father and climbed on his lap.

"Tell us," begged Jane, "what are you going to make?"

"Don't you think it would be nice to keep a pig?" asked Father. "Perhaps this is going to be a house for the pig."

"A piggery," said Mother, laughing.

Constance and the twins thought that a funny word. They said they would like to have a pig.

"Is it a piggery?" Constance asked. But neither Father nor Mother would say that it was.

"Or it may be a good place to keep our winter cabbages," said Father. But Constance and the twins thought Father was just teasing them.

It was Saturday. That afternoon they watched Father working out in the yard. Near the hedge and a little way from the bee-hives he was surely building something. He had marked the corners of a small space with stakes and then made a strong foundation out of stones. Now he was laying heavy beams on the foundation. What could it be?

Before long the twins had a birthday. When they came to breakfast they found a letter addressed to Jean and Jane.



THEY BROUGHT THEIR DOLL'S FURNITURE

Inside they found the picture of a dear little house. There were little steps in front and a tiny porch. The door was wide

open and inside they could see a small fireplace. The windows opened out like little doors. Underneath the picture it said:

A little playhouse for Constance and the twins.

They ran to Father and hugged him. "It isn't for a pig at all," said Jean. "It's for us!"

What fun it was after that to watch the playhouse grow. The sides went up, and then a frame that looked as if it might be a roof some day. Father would work on Saturday afternoons and on holidays. Constance and the twins were always ready to help him when they could.

"The dolls' beds can go in that corner," Jean would plan.

"We must have a cupboard near the fireplace for our dishes and pans," said Constance, "because Father is going to have a little kettle over the fire so we can really cook things."

Constance began to make curtains for the windows. The twins wanted to make something, too. Mother said that they could make some holders to use when they cooked over the fire.

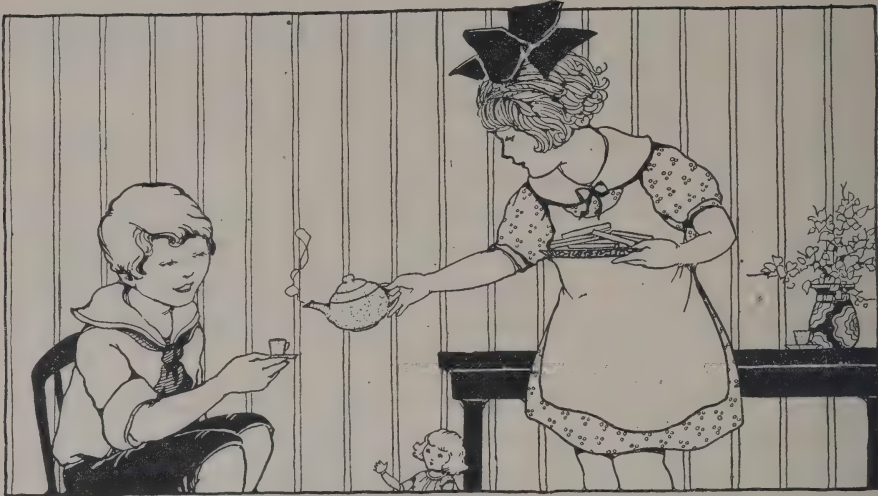
One warm spring evening, Father asked Mother and the little girls to come out to the playhouse. The fireplace and the chimney were all finished. Father was laying a fire. He lighted it and it blazed up beautifully. The little playhouse was bright with fire-light.

"Isn't it a dear little house!" exclaimed Constance joyfully.

Bye and bye the playhouse was done. Then Constance and the twins were happy little girls. Mother had given them a pretty blue rug for the floor. She helped them put up the white curtains at the windows. They brought their dolls' furniture and their dolls and their little dishes from the nursery.

Very carefully they stored the dishes away on the cupboard shelves. A little blue bowl and two brass candlesticks stood on the mantles shelf. Near the fireplace were the three children's small rocking chairs.

The next morning the postman left little notes for Margaret and Dickie and Jack and the other children who played with Constance and the twins. The notes said:



DICKIE WANTED HIS CUP FILLED A GOOD MANY TIMES

Please come and see our playhouse tomorrow afternoon after school, It is in our yard at the corner of Apiary Boulevard and Hedge Lane.

Constance, Jean and Jane.

The children came just as soon as school was over. They knocked at the door and the little girls let them in and showed them all about the playhouse. The children thought that it was lovely. Best of all they liked the little fireplace with the real fire in it, and the kettle hung over the fire, and the little cupboard with the dishes and pans in it.

Mother let them cook molasses candy in the little kettle. All the children wanted to stir it. Then they pulled it. It stuck to their hands sometimes but that was all the more fun, The candy tasted a little smoky, but it was good just the same.

Then they had sandwiches and cocoa, which they drank out of the children's little cups. Dickie wanted his cup filled a a good many times. He said that his mother allowed him to have six cupfuls when the cups were so small.

Someone knocked at the door. It was Mother. She came to say that Margaret's mother and Jack's mother had telephoned that it was time to come home. She brought some water to wash sticky hands and helped the children to put on

their coats and hats. Just as they were saying good-bye to Constance and the twins Father came to the door. He had just come home.

The little girls led him in to show him their beautiful little house.

“We’ve got the best father!” said Constance.

“And the best mother,” added the twins, while they tried to hug Mother and Father both at once.

Father and Mother laughed. “And we haven’t happened to see any little girls that we like any better than ours,” said Father.

(To be continued)



THE TEETAR BOARD



SITKA, THE SNOW BABY

By Allen Chaffee

CHAPTER VII.—AN ADVENTURE

"I DO hope our ice-berg doesn't drift too far away!" said Mother White Bear. "We'd spend another day on the mountain, if I thought it was safe."

"Let's stay," begged Sitka.

The way now grew steeper, and the river grew narrower and swifter, until the bunch grass gave way to tall ferns and the ground was soft with pretty colored mosses, which the reindeer would eat in winter, pawing the snow away with their feet. Next came pale green willows and green spruce and cedar trees. The Snow Baby, sniffing their piny fragrance, rolled delightedly on the soft ground beneath them.

Later the slopes were all wet with moss, into which the wee fellow sank so deep that his mother tried to walk along the fallen tree trunks. But, they, too, were slippery with moss, and every now and again he would slide off and have to be rescued. But then, there were the finest, big, juicy berries! Blueberries, thimble-berries, fat ripe huckleberries, tart cran-berries, and mild, sweet service-berries. It was paradise for bears.

There were mushrooms, too, growing around the hollow logs, and Mother White Bear knew just which were safe to eat, and which were poisonous. My, how she did love mushrooms!

"Mother," Sitka begged, "Let's stay here all the time."

But she explained that the summer is only about two months long, just July and August, here in this part of the world, and soon would come ice and snow again, and they would have to go back to sea, where they could fish.

Sitka found it hard to imagine it ever

being cold there, where the sun shone so hot. But by September, she told him, would come the long rains, and the days would grow shorter and shorter, till in mid-winter it was terrifically cold on these mountains.

Returning the way they had come, they found the Indians still singing and laughing about their little cook-fires. Along the river bank stood their baskets heaped with red and purple berries, and Sitka grabbed a pawful every chance he got. But Mother White Bear led him away around the Indian camp, as softly as she could walk, for "Safety First" was her motto where the little brown people were concerned.

Sitka was exhausted now, and they were eager to get back to their safe cave in the ice-berg. But the little berg, which Mother White Bear recognized by its shape, was away off behind two smaller bergs. Her first thought was to swim clear around them, but the cub was by now so tired and sleepy that he began whispering and begging her to carry him.

As they drifted in the blue summer sea, there was a narrow lane of water between the two new bergs. She longed to get back to the cave in the ice, where he could sleep away the strange, sunlit night in safety.

Well, she decided, she would chance it. She was a powerful swimmer, and Sitka could cling to her tail. If only those huge chunks of ice would stop drifting about so!

She had swam perhaps half this narrow channel when she suddenly became aware that the walls of the ice that towered on either side were closer together than when she had started. The two bergs were floating together, and the spray that dashed against their sides began to fill

her eyes with mist, and her ears with the sound of the surf. Sitka, paddling wearily along behind her, with her stub of a tail in his mouth, began to squeal that he was being drowned, for the waves were chopping right over his head.

Mother White Bear redoubled her efforts, knowing that if they did not get through the channel quickly, they would surely be crushed between those two walls of ice! Anxiously she measured the distance that lay ahead, then with a backward glance she made a hasty estimate of the distance that lay behind them. Yes, they must be just about half way through the channel.

But ahead the space was narrowed till it seemed as if the icy walls must clash together long before they could pass. And the tide was all against her. Swim as she might, she could not seem to swim fast enough. How she wished now that she had taken the long, safe way around. But it was too late.

But was it? If only she were headed the other way, the tide would help instead of hinder her. She glanced behind once more. To her surprise, the way was widening, instead of narrowing, behind them. In fact, the icy walls were drifting together in a V, and they were headed toward the point of the V.

Quick as thought, she turned, and began towing the tired Sitka back the way they had come. The ice ahead came together with a grinding roar, and the wave chop nearly strangled them. But she swam on, and the wee cub behind her, till they were out in open water. One last mighty effort and they were safe! An instant later the icy walls clashed again, gripping together until the channel was entirely closed.

(To be continued)

LITTLE FOLKS PICTURE BOOK

Proserpina and King Pluto

From Hawthorne's version in Tanglewood Tales



KING PLUTO BORE PROSERPINA AWAY FROM THE SUNNY FIELDS

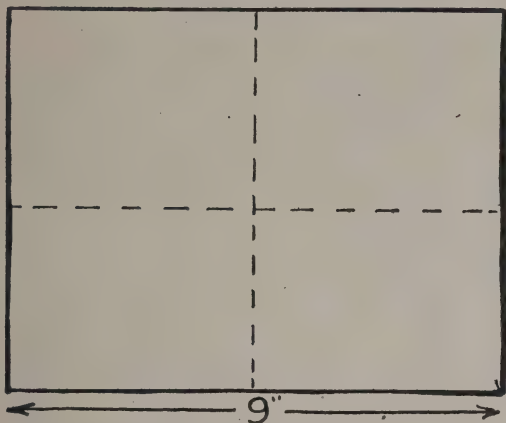
IN a moment the chariot which carried the stranger and Proserpina was entering a strange country. Proserpina called and called and the flowers from her apron were scattered all along the road, but Mother Ceres was too far away to hear or see.

It was King Pluto who was bearing Proserpina away from her mother's sunny fields to his own land of twilight beyond the River Lethe. For King Pluto had no little girl of his own and he was very lonely. He meant to make Proserpina happy in his own wonderful

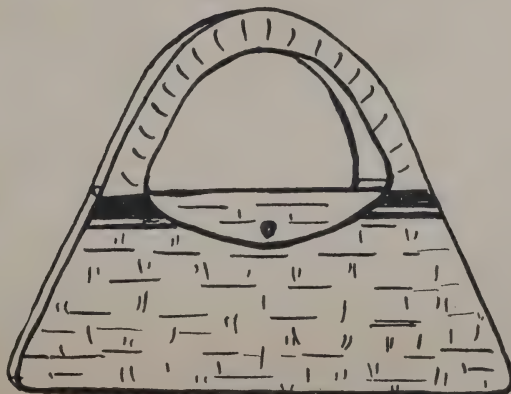
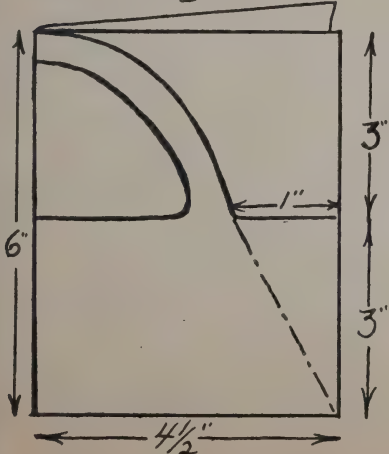
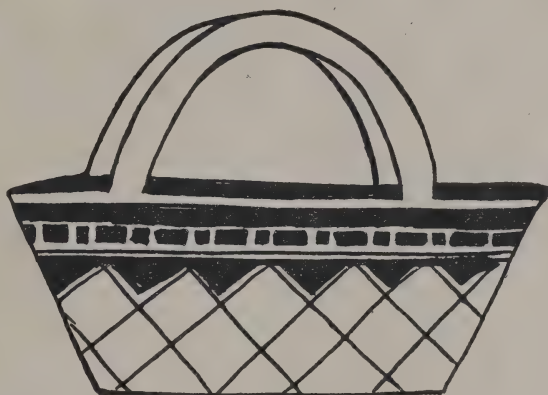
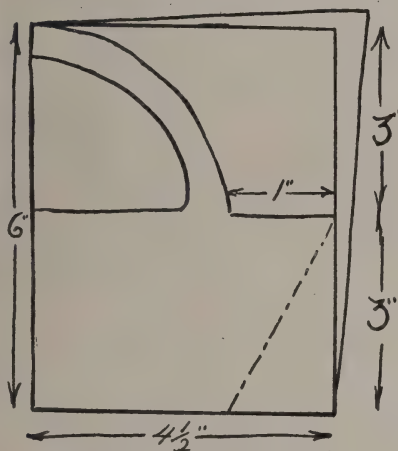
(Continued on page 334)

Color the chariot orange with red stripe; wheels, red; king's crown, orange; drapery, purple; harness, red; horses, black; manes and tails, grey; rocks, grey and brown; roadway, light brown; sky in distance, dark blue.

SOMETHING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO DO



Maybaskets made from 9X12 or 6X9" drawing paper fold on dotted lines cut on black lines, paste. These baskets are strong and will hold candy



AMH.

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

SOMETHING TO JOIN

NO doubt hundreds of girls and boys are reading our club talk this month for the first time, wondering what the Home Guard is, how to join it, and whether they too, can be members. Let's tell them this minute that of course they can join, just by writing to "Cousin Constance," Care "Little Folks Magazine," Salem, Mass., and saying they would like to. Five cents with the letter will bring a club pin, and two cents a club circular explaining all the things about the Home Guard that we cannot tell here.

Let's tell them that our happy, busy, earnest Home Guard is an organization made up of girls and boys who read "Little Folks" and who are learning in an enjoyable way how to guard their homes against the bad fairies. Carelessness and Thoughtlessness, and the wicked wizards, Crossness and Selfishness—none of whom like homes and all of whom do everything they can to destroy them.

Do you remember how *Tytyl* and *Mytyl* journeyed far and near to find the Bluebird of Happiness, only to discover him after all, right in their own home? That's where every Home Guard will find him, too, for that's where he always is and where he will always stay if each guard does his or her part to make home a safe and pleasant place for him.

To help Home Guards in their effort to make their own homes the happiest places in the world, our club has six pledges, each to be kept thirty days. The club circular tells all about them. Honors are given for successful pledge-keeping and a very special honor given to each guard who keeps the seventh, or secret pledge, after having kept the first six. A secret is always interesting, and so we keep our seventh pledge, especially the guards who have learned how to make home happy.

So many, many guards have won honors that these pledges cannot be so difficult to keep, after all. Just read the Honor list below. The figures will tell you which honors have been kept, and of what rank the winner is:

HONOR LIST

Doris Shawkey, 3, 4	Helen Peasley, 3
Katherine Kakas, 5	Dorothy Melton, 2, 3
Dane Francis, 1, 2, 4, 5, 6	Pauline Wall, 1, 2, 3
Pearl Franis, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6	Bettie Lucas, 1, 2
Hester Brooks, 3, 4, 5	Frances Hall, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Erma Stull, 5, 6	Elinor Kempf, 4, 5, 6
Marion Allen, 2, 3	

Next month I shall have a brand new suggestion to make to you about our Honor List and our Guard Ranks—something more interesting than numbers after your name. Those of you who win honors between now and then will be the first to benefit by the new ranking, so try your hardest to be on next month's list. Yes, that's right—next month's. After this we are going to have a Home Guard meeting on our page every month.

To celebrate let's choose a club motto. Until a new guard asked me recently what our club motto was, I didn't realize that we hadn't one. But I want you to select one, just as you choose our club flower. Any Home Guard member may offer a motto. Remember what our club is for, and make your choice short and easy to remember. Let's have a lot of suggestions. For the very best club motto suggested by a Home Guard member, the club will pay one dollar. Stars, here is a chance to help your treasury; Guards, here is a chance to help yourselves. The winning motto, with the name of the Guard or of the Star suggesting it, will be printed in the August Guard talk. Don't forget to send your motto immediately. All mottoes should be mailed before June first.

A little while ago Dorothy Thomas wrote me a letter which I want to share with you. No doubt a great many of you feel as Dorothy does. She says:

"I just feel so happy that I must write to some one and share my happiness with them.

"I am happy to think that I belong to such a fine big club of willing workers as our Home Guards.

"I am proud to think that the Guard has chosen such beautiful colors as the

(Continued on page 330)

For Any Boy or Girl **A REAL WATCH**

Every boy and every girl wants a watch, so we have arranged to get a **Real Time-keeper** that will please any boy or girl and one that we could give away for as little money and work as possible.



BOYS: Think of having a real genuine watch all your own, one that looks like gold and wears like silver. It has an engraved case, an American movement, and will go for years. Surprise your friends with this watch.

GIRLS: This wrist watch is certainly a beauty. Its nickel finish looks like silver and wears better. It has a good 7 Jewel movement with lever escapement that will keep time and a leather wrist strap. Any girl will be proud to own this watch.

How to get these Watches Easily and Quickly.

THE BOYS' LEONARD WATCH is given for securing only one new yearly subscription to **LITTLE FOLKS** and sending 40c. extra. Girls enjoy this watch too.

THE GIRLS' WRIST WATCH is given for securing only one new yearly subscription to **LITTLE FOLKS** and sending \$2.50 extra, or for two subscriptions and \$1.75 extra, or it is given free of cost for five subscriptions.

*There isn't a subscriber or reader of **LITTLE FOLKS** who can't get one subscription. Think of the children you know who don't take **LITTLE FOLKS** now. Tell them why you like **LITTLE FOLKS** and it's easy to get them to subscribe.*

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE

SALEM, MASS.



"None Genuine Without Trade-Mark"

Real Cleanliness

YOU constantly wash your underwear, sheets and quilts, but it is impossible to wash your mattresses. The *Excelsior Protector* will keep the mattress fresh and clean. They are made in any size for bed or crib, and quilted so that they remain soft and fluffy in spite of washing and continuous use.

We have been making Mattress Protectors for over thirty years and guarantee every one. The best hotels and institutions throughout the country use *Excelsior Protectors* on their mattresses. Prove this the next time you are at a hotel, by turning back the bed covers and look at our Protector with the little red trade-mark sewed in one corner. Because of their many features they are especially suited to use on baby's crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress; save time and labor.

Endorsed by physicians and used by the families who know.

One trial will convince you beyond any doubt.

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO.

15 Leight Street

NEW YORK

LITTLE FOLKS HOME GUARD

(Continued from page 328)

red, white and blue. I only wish that I had belonged to the club at the time when the colors and the flower were selected, so that I would have taken part in the selecting.

"Then, too, I think the pansy is the best flower that you could have chosen. The members of the Guard are trying to be loving and kind and obedient, when you look at the pansy, it shows love and obedience, and seems to make us want to grow up like the pansies, our hearts full of obedience and love.

"Then there is our Baby Roll. I heard an elderly lady say last summer that there ought not to be any more babies—that the world was overflowing with babies already and that they would grow up to be wicked people, such as the world ought not to have. But I think differently. We, as the children of America, who will sometime be men and women, ought not to let this happen. If little babies are trained to be good and kind, as they should be, the world would not have so many wicked people."

So let's start our Baby Roll—our Junior Guards. They must not be over five years old, and you may send as many names, with ages and addresses as you like. Who will be the first to be enrolled as a "Junior Guard." I will print the name of the very first one.

I would like, before I forget, to ask Virginia Sharp, who lives in Victor, to please send me her state. I couldn't read the postmark on her letter. Then, I would like to have Irene Norris' correct address in New York city.

We have several new Stars to report:

Lake George (New York) Star.—Suzanne Bryant, Annie Sisson, Elizabeth Thompson, Robert Thompson. Katherine Sisson and Francis Wood.

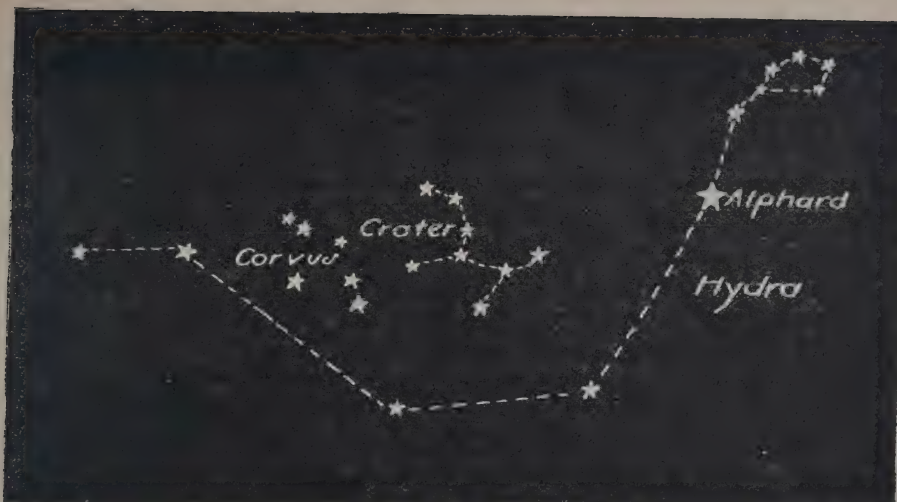
Polk (Pa.) Star.—Doris Shawkey, Esther Barnes, Violet Maceny and Margaret Grace.

Roseburg (Oregon) Star.—Kary Penney, J. C. Penney, Mildred Zigler and Ruth Hever.

Banning (Calif.) Star.—Victor, Eugene, Edgar, Paul and Cora Heifer and Eva May Shecklex.

St. Louis (Mo.) Star.—Dorothea Kays, Evelyn Douglas and Jane Zallinger.

Halstead (Pa.) Star.—Charlotte Maloney and Rena Sackett.



HYDRA, THE SEA-SERPENT, WITH CORVUS AND CRATER

THE SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

By Margherita O. Osborne

ON a warm evening in May, Cousin Jimmie took the Star-Gazers in his little car out to a meadow in the suburbs, "To look for snakes," he said.

"The first one will be the sea-serpent, Hydra. Face south and find the sickle in the head of Leo!"

"Yes," cried Louis. "It's standing up plain, and I see Castor and Pollux, the twins, and the Beehive is quite clear, isn't it, Cousin Jimmie!"

"Good," said Cousin Jimmie, "When you see the Beehive clearly, it's a sign of good weather—rather a sure sign, too, for some reason or other. Now see the cluster of five stars, right below the Beehive. You noticed it last month. That's the head of Hydra, the huge sea-serpent, whose tail stretches away to the very edge of the Eastern horizon, below the Lion. All the stars of Hydra are faint, except the one called Alphard. A line drawn through Castor and Pollux would point down to it."

"Between Denebola, in the Lion's tail and Hydra's body, are two little constellations, called Corvus, the Crow, and Crater, the Cup."

Cousin Jimmie turned on the flashlight and showed a small map on which he pointed out the stars of these rather dim constellations.

"It really looks like a cup," said Anna.

"Yes," said Cousin Jimmie. "it has

been called the Goblet of Apollo and the Bowl of Bacchus."

"And what was the story of Hydra?" asked Francis.

"The Greeks said that this constellation represented the Lernaean Monster, which Hercules slew in one of the twelve labors!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed Anna, Hercules got a lot of notice with all those labors, didn't he!"

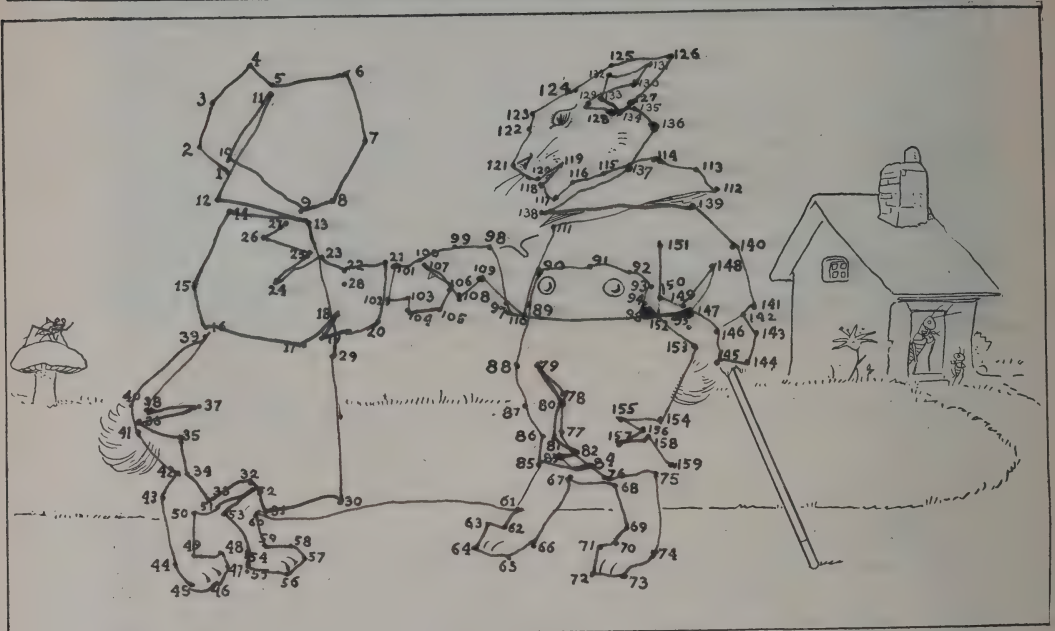
"Now let's just take a look at the other

(Continued on page 335)



DRACO, THE GUARDIAN OF THE NORTH STAR

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LITTLE FOLKS PAPER DOLL

By Margherita C. Forbes

Here is Dolly Parker's teacher, Miss Little. She is ever so glad to meet all of Dolly's new friends.

Miss Little's hair is brown and so are her eyes. Her spring suit is very becoming. (Paint it a light brown.) The hair at the top matches it. Her everyday school dress in the right hand top corner, has a light blue waist and a darker blue skirt and collar. Her best dress in the lower left corner, is a dull soft green, made by mixing blue and just a tiny bit of red with the green in your paint box. The feather on her best hat is the same color. The hat, itself, and the other dress are a grayish blue.

Miss Little was so pleased when she found the lovely May basket on her desk on May morning. The boys had picked the flowers to fill it and the girls had arranged them and tied a yellow bow on the handle.

Behind Dolly, in school, sits a little boy named Johnny Austin. We will show his picture to you next month.

SOMETHING TO MAKE OF COLORED PAPERS



THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

VII.

"What, what!" growled Pa Bear as he entered the house. "My porridge bowl is tipped over!"

"Somebody has been sampling my porridge!" growled Ma Bear.

"Somebody has eaten mine all up!" cried Little Wee Bear.

And then there was growling, I tell you!

(Look on page 335 for directions for making this picture)

PROSERPINA AND KING PLUTO

(Continued from page 324)

palace; he did not know how cruel he was in separating the child from her mother.

Imagine the grief of Mother Ceres when she returned to her cottage and Proserpina was nowhere to be found. For many weary months she searched, grieving and calling upon all the Gods to help her.

And while she searched, King Pluto was trying to make Proserpina content in his dark country. Nothing pleased Proserpina, however, she even refused to eat any of the food placed before her and Pluto sent a servant to procure fruit from the earth. But this was a very difficult matter, for Ceres had been too sorrowful to attend to her usual duties and all the crops and fruits were dried and dead.

So the servant returned to King Pluto with nothing but a withered pomegranite, which was placed on a golden platter and presented to Proserpina.

Now just at the time that the servant returned with the dried pomegranite, Mercury, the messenger of the Gods arrived at Pluto's palace to urge the King to return Proserpina to her mother, lest all the people on earth perish of starvation, because Ceres would not permit anything to grow.

And at the very moment that Mercury was persuading King Pluto that he ought to let the child return, Proserpina was eyeing the withered pomegranite. She was tempted to smell the fruit and when it was so near her mouth, she took just one bite. And it was at this very moment that Mercury opened the door and entered the room, followed by King Pluto.

Proserpina hid the fruit in the folds of her gown, but Mercury's quick eyes saw the empty salver.

"My little Proserpina," said the King, "this shining stranger has come to take you home to your mother, for I have not the heart to keep you longer against your wishes. Besides he tells me that all the earth is barren since your mother will not

allow a thing to grow until she has you back."

"Come quickly," said the stranger, "lest he change his mind!"

It was not long before Proserpina was ready to depart with Mercury, and soon they had passed the gateway, where Cerberus kept watch, and barked at them with all three of his heads. As they came to the land of light and sunshine, flowers sprang up at every step of Proserpina, and grasses began to wave in the breeze as she passed. The trees blossomed and birds sang, and Mother Ceres, sitting at the door of her cottage saw the fields take on a sudden greenness.

"Does the earth disobey me?" she cried "and dare to bloom before my daughter is returned to my arms?"

"Open your eyes, dear Mother!" cried Proserpina. And take your little daughter into them."

When they had shed many tears of joy, Ceres looked anxiously at Proserpina.

"My child, did you taste any food while you were in the palace of King Pluto?" she asked.

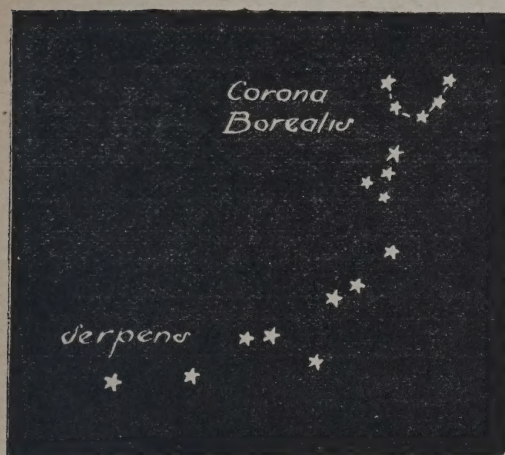
"Not until this very morning, dearest Mother," replied Proserpina. Just today a withered pomegranite was brought me and almost before I knew it, my teeth bit into it, but I did not swallow a morsel and but six of the seeds remained in my mouth when Mercury came to take me home."

"Alas!" cried Ceres, for each of those six seeds you must spend a month in the palace of King Pluto each year. Only six months with me, and then six months in the land of the good-for-nothing King of Darkness!"

"Poor King Pluto!" said Proserpina, "He did wrong to carry me off, but it was a dismal life for him and I think I can bear six months in his palace if I may always spend the next six months with you. For there will be some comfort in making him happy, so let us be thankful that he is not to keep me the whole year round."

SOCIETY OF STAR-GAZERS

(Continued from page 331)



SERPENS

two serpents," said Jimmie. Face north and see if you can find the serpent that guards the North Star.

"Oh, the Dipper's upside down!" cried Anna, "and the pointers are pointing down to the North Star."

"There's a serpent coiling around the North Star, called Draco! His head is just above the bright blue star, Vega, and his body goes first down, then up around the little Dipper, right between the Big and Little Dippers."

"There are many stories of Draco, but I think the prettiest is the one which says he is the Dragon, which guards the golden apples of Hesperides, the Garden of the West. The stars are the wonderful golden apples. And that is a reminder of another of the labors of Hercules—the one in which he is said to have procured the golden apples with the aid of Atlas."

"I want to show you Hercules, but we must let him wait for there is still another serpent to be added to our collection. It is held in the hand of a giant; it's head is towards the Northern Crown, which you see high in the East and its tail writhes down towards the southeast and the Milky Way."

Look at the diagram carefully to pick out Serpens, which is held in the hands of Orphiuchus, the Serpent-Holder."

It took Louis and Anna and Francis some moments to find the stars which form this constellation and when they had it clearly in mind Cousin Jimmie said three snakes were enough for one evening's hunt.

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The Story of the Three Bears

Directions for making the Picture

(See page 333)

First make a tracing of the whole picture on white paper. Cut out of this the parts which are to be white. Select papers of the tints you choose for the other parts. The tracing can be fastened to these tints with pins or paper clips and be used as a pattern. In many cases—a sky for instance—a tint may cover a wide space and the trees—for instance—may be pasted over this tint. The finer markings may be added with pen or pencil. The backing should be larger than the picture and of thick cardboard.

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